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SPEARHEADS PLAN:

called for "open war"

"to awaken the city to

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DECEMBER 27, 1970

SPEARHEADS PLAN: Mayor Alfred E. Vellucci, father of eight, has called for "open war" on all dope peddlers in his city.

Mayor of Cambridge, Mass., Proposes Bounties to Rid City of Dope Peddlers

By HARVEY SHAPIRO

A plan to put a bounty on the heads of dope suppliers and pushers is being spearheaded by Mayor Alfred E. Vellucci of Cambridge, Mass. Under his plan calling for "open war" on all dope peddlers, the city would pay a $10,000 bounty to any person responsible for the arrest and conviction of major dope suppliers operating in Cambridge.

THOMAS COATES

A $1,000 bounty would be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of street dope pushers.

Policemen would also be eligible for both of the bounties.

The 50-year-old mayor, who has eight children, proposed the bounty plan to the City Council on October 5 after conferring with many people involved in the war on drug abuse.

"I filed it," Vellucci told The ENQUIRER, "to awaken the city to the fact that it has a very serious drug problem. To be truthful, I don't know if I introduced the order as Mayor, as a father, or as a friend. I have seen kids on drugs. We must stop these pushers."

Since the plan was submitted, much of Mayor Vellucci's fears about the growing drug problem in his city have been supported by a report released by Cambridge Community Services, a United Fund organization.

It reported that dope addiction in Cambridge showed no class boundaries, that arrests for possession of heroin and other drugs jumped 300 percent in a year, that drug traffic is "big business" in which a $10,000 investment can produce $1 million in three days. But little is being done, the report concluded.

The mayor's plan is currently being studied by the city manager, police chief and city solicitor, who will report their recommendations to the nine-member city council.

Several members of the council have voiced objection to the proposal.

Thomas Coates told The ENQUIRER:

"Mayor Vellucci's plan is illegal, particularly if it includes policemen. You can't reward them for performing a duty they are already being paid to perform and sworn to do. Policemen are morally bound to uphold the law.

"While I'm totally sympathetic with the mayor in his effort to do something about drug abuse, I think he's overreacting. I can see all the elements of a witch hunt. There would be mass chaos if everyone informed on everyone else."

BARBARA ACKERMAN

Barbara Ackerman, told a reporter from The ENQUIRER:

"Communication between the street workers and the addicts is important. But how can you have such communication if, when you ask too many questions, people think you will turn them in?"

Despite the opposition, Mayor Vellucci says he has already seen a marshalling of new civic forces to fight dope because of his bounty proposals.

"It has awakened many people and many institutions in the city," he said. "The health commissioner has appointed a director of drug programs and Cambridge City Hospital has set up a committee of physicians and psychiatrists to study the problems of drug abuse."

New Disposable Bottle Can Be Burned Without Polluting the Air

By JIM BLAIR

A clear plastic bottle has been developed that can be destroyed without giving off polluting gases. Because it is burnable, it could replace glass [illegible] metal containers whose disposal [illegible] environmental prob-

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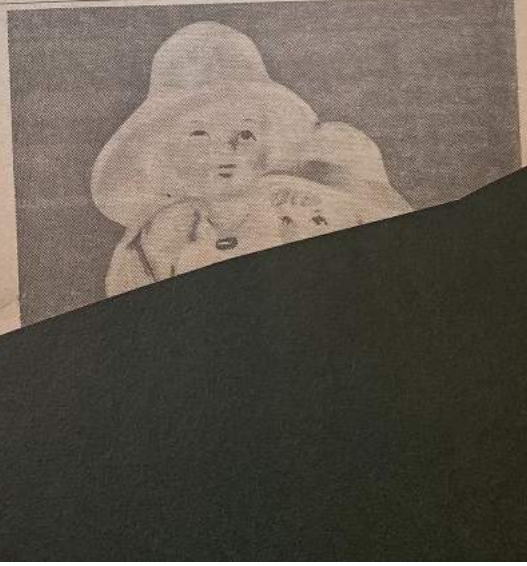

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BOSTON'S WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

November 29, 1972

25 cents

The Process: Carrying a Torch for Lucifer

PHOTO — JEFF ALBERTSON

By Jon Lipsky

It is a fact: fear walks the streets of the cities and there are wars and rumors of war. Some people in response to this cloak themselves in strange garb and preach that the End is at hand. Some people look around at the discord and pain that is shaking our societies and they call it: The Devil's Work.

But not all of them are crackpots.

"JEHOVAH is Strength. LUCIFER is Light. SATAN is Separation. CHRIST is Unification."

Members of the Process Church of the Final Judgement are awaiting the Battle of Armageddon and welcome the imminent reunion of Lord Christ with Lord Satan, of Lord Jehovah with Lord Lucifer.

They believe in four gods but most of us are interested in only two of them: the ones whose names reek of evil.

Wearing black hooded capes and selling *their magazines they accost pedestrians with their antique "heresy" of god's dual nature. They have been charged with devil worship, rumored to perform ritual murder, accused of drinking dog's blood.* While their church service and hierarchy would make a pope proud, their symbols and secrets are a gossip's playground.

Certainly their theology is strange but it is not stupid, nor crazy, nor (unless the Deceitful One has blinded me with his subtle tongue) wicked.

JEHOVAH

SCENE: A deserted beach in the Yucatan peninsula, six years ago. A few shacks. A crumbling salt warehouse. The British consul arrives to tell the 26 middle class and upper middle class mendicants, the original British corps of Processeans, that a

[Continued on page 8]

Hospital Workers: 1199's Sick of Being Busted

By Chuck Fager

1199 is the kind of union that brings out the worst in a lot of people. So far, during the union's strike at Massachusetts Rehabilitation Hospital, it has brought out the worst in, among others:

— The Boston Police Department, whose members have made up most of the special security force hired by the hospital to b[illegible] the strike. The cops have employed dogs, clu[illegible]

arraigned after the most recent bust/beatings to the Globe plant, to confront the paper's management about it. They never got that far, but the sit-in was embarrassing enough to the paper to produ[illegible] the next day's edition the first strike article which even Globe's vaunted brand of objective reporting.

political circles, whose silence about the

PHOTO — JEFF ALBERTSON

rrying a Torch for Lucifer

[Continued from page 1]

hurricane is on its way. The Processeans decide to stay.

They have escaped to the Yucatan to test themselves under the most austere conditions, little food, sparse shelter, brackish wells, no sex. During all night meditations they resist swatting the swarms of mosquitos from their faces because they do not believe in killing things.

Born in 1963 of telepathy circles, scientology and encounter group psychology, the community has practiced following intuition rather than reason. They have seen signs in the flights of birds, and biblical spirits in the shapes of trees. When food has run out and no money is arriving from England, a floundering fish caught in the lagoon is considered a miracle. They are attuned to expect revelation of their high purposes.

The eye of the hurricane practically passes over their outpost. When the wall of the salt warehouse begins to shake they huddle outside in small groups for over 24 hours with coconuts, rain and debris flying around them.

This is the wrath of Jehovah. Their survival is a rite of passage.

The Yucatan experience was central to the Jehovian phase of the Process' experience, a phase which they claim lasted from 1962-1969. Under Jehovian influence the original Processeans identified with certain Biblical myths, reenacting the hardships of Moses in the desert, the strife of Cain and Abel, the temptations of the Garden of Eden.

They were fanatics. They *admit* they were fanatics — egotists, dogmatists, ascetics. This is the nature, they say, of Jehovah.

"Jehovah: the wrathful God . . . demands . . . a singleminded dedication to duty, purity and self-denial, "reads the Process publication, "The Gods and Their People."

To Processeans, Jehovah, Lucifer, Christ and Satan are simply names for larger forces. They are not arbitrary personages to be arbitrarily worshipped but energies and emanations which they claim to have observed as different aspects of God. When Jehovah continually manifested himself on the Yucatan beach, 26 Processeans absorbed much of the personality of Lord Jehovah.

Father Dominic for example became completely absorbed in a reenactment of the first martyrdom: the stoning of St. Stephen. He felt worthless. He felt that he had nothing to contribute to the group. Eating tortillas at a lunch table outside, a dead coconut branch fell at his feet. Incredibly, three days running a dead branch fell at his feet. He was shocked by the symbolism.

"I thought of all the ways I could escape my fate. But I could see the time when I was meant to die."

He said to himself: "I should be stoned: that would be appropriate. I went through how it would feel. I could see stones hitting my body, I felt the dizziness: felt the stones hit my head."

When he finally told the group, "I'm completely unworthy but I can give my life," everyone was amazed at the extent of his isolation. Robert De Grimston, The Process leader, laughed. It was enough, he said, that the cycle of spiritual death had been felt. There was no need to die.

Feeling negativity was the big thing in those Jehovian days. By negativity they meant fear, jealousy, guilt, lust, death and the like. The important thing, they claimed, was that these emotions be expressed, not avoided. Awareness and control over negativity allowed you to see the basic duality of God and to take your place, with eyes open, in the Grand Design that was coming to an apocalyptic end. They called this: Playing the Game of the Gods.

Leaving the Yucatan they travelled around the United States and Europe with evangelical zeal, exhorting people to open their eyes. They saw themselves as reenacting the Book of Matthew, Verse 10.

And somewhere along the line these zealots, these purists, these soothsayers of doom and exorcists of base emotions wound up in Los Angeles about the same time Charles Manson was getting his shit together.

After the Tate-LaBianca murders Ed Sanders, founder of the Fugs, wrote a book about Manson called "The Family" in which he accuses the Process of fueling Manson's madness with their own satanic ideas, and taking part in their own bloody deeds. He even tries to suggest that the Process may have influenced Sirhan Sirhan to murder Bobby Kennedy.

Although the chapters on the Process are filled with guilt by innuendo Sanders does identify at least one Processean named Brother Ely both with Manson and with a vicious Hell's Angel type gang who allegedly lived with Manson for awhile. More ominously, Sanders recounts an article in a Berkeley paper which claims that Manson took part in a brutal demon exorcism with a group of people purportedly connected with the Process and suspiciously calling themselves "The Final Church of Judgement." And he relates the testimony from a source he claims is reliable who identified both Processeans and Manson Family members in films of human sacrifice and the ritual blood gutting of a dog and a cat.

Strolling into Harvard Square, Father Dominic shook his head in disbelief that he and his fellow Processeans -- who lead comparatively examplary lives, he said -- find themselves denying such bizarre atrocities. He started to answer Sanders' charges, pointed out that Processeans had always been antivivisectionists -- and, for the moment, gave up trying.

LUCIFER

SCENE: The Process coffee house on Concord Avenue in Cambridge, built with funds from Processean magazine street sales. A decorated cellar with exposed pipes. A free clothes rack. People playing chess, drinking cokes from styrofoam cups.

Father Christian, a charming eloquent speaker, is describing the Process' lack of dogmatism. The analogy goes something like this: If you think you can make really good truffles, do you barge into the kitchen of the Sheraton Commander and say, "here let *me* make the truffles?"

Hardly any of the motley crowd of Americans know a truffle from a sweetmeat. But Father Christian's words are effective because they pour like honey. Some of the people have just taken their initial step at the Sabbath Assembly to become new acolytes in the Process. Like the rest of the crowd they are an incredible mixture of the intellectually curious with the desperate. Few of them have heard of the word acolyte before.

This night taking the step, there are two student types, an older woman and an actor recently released from mental institutions, a man (with his son) who does not know how to write his name, and a Vietnam vet with a Rhesus monkey who has just fled Mel Lyman's Fort Hill Commune because the Fort Hill people told him to kill his pet since he seemed to love the monkey more than people. Later in the week the vet is moved to tears by remembrances of the violence within him. This is the kind of expression the Process adores.

Father Christian rambling on with his liquid English accent gives a lesson in Processean personality theory.

A Positive Jehovian -- DeGaulle. A Negative Jehovian -- Hitler.

A Positive Luciferian -- Martin Luther King. A Negative Luciferian -- Judy Garland.

A Positive Satanist -- St. Francis of Assisi. A Negative Satanist -- Charles Manson.

A Positive Christian -- U Thant. A Negative Christian -- the type of man who has no will of his own but simply lives for the desire of others and so remains obscure.

"Jehovah is Strength. Lucifer is Light. Satan is Separation. Christ is Unification."

The Process is a psychology as well as a religion. Individuals are seen as conglomerates of the various God forces. Like the Sun signs of astrologers, one God or the other will hold particular influence over an individual but everyone supposedly has a mixture. At least five different Processeans independently guessed I was a Luciferian in the same way astrologers would guess I was an Aries.

In telepathy circles, Processeans use objects owned by other Processeans to focus their intuitive thought on their follow disciple. In "Progress" encounter groups Processeans supposedly learn to take responsibility for all of their social status, their physical defects.

But unlike the Old Jehovian days, The Church now is focussed on positivity rather than negativity, they claim. They are into "praise and validation." The latest issue of the Processean magazine is entitled: "Love." Earlier ones were: "Death," "Sex," "Fear."

Father Dominic nowadays would never be encouraged to relive the martyrdom of St. Stephen alone. Other Processeans would bbe expected to participate in his suffering as if it were their own. They call this: Playing the new Game of the Gods. Lord Jehovah no longer holds sway; Lord Lucifer is manifest. "LUCIFER, The Light Bearer, urges us to be gentle and kind and loving and to live in peace and harmony with one another according to The Gods and Their People."

So they give away free clothes and open their kitchen for the needy on Thanksgiving. They visit old age homes and mental institutions daily. They have opened up their Sabbath Assembly services to the public. They entertain their coffee house visitors with a band called Rock of Ages. And refreshingly they don't claim to have a corner on the truth.

Ed Sanders believes that the heat from his book had something to do with the Process' change. "I may have helped them." I turned them into the Salvation Army,' he said, in a telephone conversation. He could not give me any dirt on the Boston branch of the Process and said he was focussing his continuing investigation of them on their activities in the 60s.

For their part, a number of Processeans asked me to send their love to Ed. They deny of course that the change from Jehovian to Luciferian stance was in response to Sanders just as they have denied any connection to the charges in the book. A suit against Sanders resulted in the deletion of all mentions of the Process from his book when he failed to appear in court with substantiation for his charges against them. Sanders said that he had to protect his sources.

Process Master Father John stated that the only contact the Process had with Manscn was after he was in prison: "I

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went to see him. I thought I could help him (though) I didn't know how I would put into effect my desire to help him." Processeans believe they can "heal" through contact. Unfortunately with the guards and the wire mesh and all, there wasn't much healing going on, Father John said. "And Manson seemed 'round the bend."

'Round the bend or not they did get Manson to write an article for their magazine. The issue on "Death." As a contrast in opposites Manson's view is placed side by side with an interview with Malcolm Muggeridge. Charlie writes: "Oh fear my GOD giving all to life as life falls into no thought pattern..."

Playing the New Game of the Gods under the influence of Lucifer, Manson is to Processeans a burden for us all.

CHRIST

SCENE: The Sabbath Assembly room. A huge cross with a fiery serpent symbolizing the unity of Christ and Satan. A chalice of fire for Satan. A bowl of water for Christ.

The Sacrifist and the Evangelist sit opposite one another across an altar of candles. The congregation has read responsively from a book whose prayers roll with Miltonic thunder. We have sung chants to the Gods accompanied by a calypso guitar and bongo drums. Every once in a while we hear the bong of a corny Chinese gong left over from a J.Arthur Rank movie.

The Evangelist asks those who would like to become acolytes to kneel before her. The Sacrifist intones the Prophecy of the New Beginning.

If you're looking for high Mass you're playing in the minor leagues. If you're looking for Black Mass you're not even in the right ball park.

According to Father Christian, the High Master of the Boston Chapter, the Process created a church because "it felt like a good idea at the time." They don't have a worthy 3rd century saint to look back on, he noted, so they create their own traditions as they go along.

New members are acolytes. Then there are disciples, messengers, prophets, superiors and masters. Disciples and messengers are expected to give up alcohol, drugs and sex not, apparently, because these are deemed evil, but in order to teach self discipline.

They wear alpha-omega rings to symbolize the Beginning and the End. The Masters wear mezzuzahs to remind them of the Law. They wear pins of the Goat representing Satan and Crosses for Jesus Christ.

But like the Chinese gong and the bongo drums they keep undercutting high church power with informality. Shortly after the Saturday midnight meditation they hold a "Knees up." Knees up is the closest thing I have been to in recent years to a sophomore prom. Prayers to Satan Lucifer Christ and Jehovah do not faze me. But when men start asking women for the slow dance (and ask them for the third slow dance when the women are all booked up for the next two) I think it very odd.

Still it is part of the philosophy: the Processeans are attempting a unification of opposites.

"CHRIST -- the Emissary of the Gods. He stands outside and beyond the separate and individual patterns. He draws them together . . ." – The Gods and Their People.

Armaggedon, according to Processeans, may not be a battle that takes place with earthquakes and the call of a bugle (though many believe that is an accurate scenario). The End of Time may well take place slowly in the crumbling of society. But whatever form it takes, the Processeans are no different from other apocalyptic churches in seeing the New Beginning heralded by Christ's second coming as their salvation.

And like other churches salvation is the reason why Master Processeans have gone through all this fuss as far as I can tell from a quick reading of the Process' theological tract Exit. Human misery it is propounded comes from the illusion of the duality of body and soul.

Jehovians exalt the soul. Luciferians the body. Satan the separator comes along and makes the two sides irreconcilable, isolating the Jehovian in extreme asceticism and the Luciferian in extreme depravity. Both are miserable.

In death of the individual and in the death of the world Christ reunifies body and soul. If a person can be aware and can accept the conflict of the duality he can be prepared for the Ultimate Reunion – in freedom from misery.

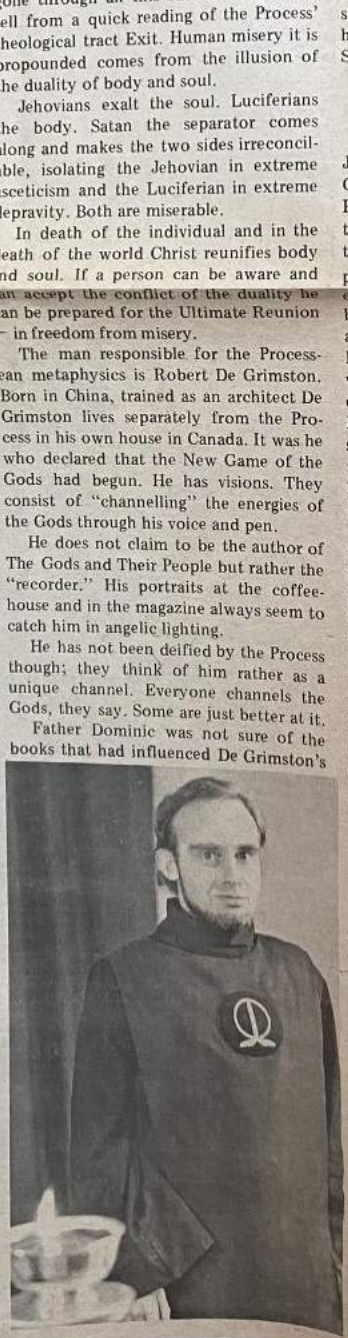
The man responsible for the Processean metaphysics is Robert De Grimston. Born in China, trained as an architect De Grimston lives separately from the Process in his own house in Canada. It was he who declared that the New Game of the Gods had begun. He has visions. They consist of "channelling" the energies of the Gods through his voice and pen.

He does not claim to be the author of The Gods and Their People but rather the "recorder." His portraits at the coffeehouse and in the magazine always seem to catch him in angelic lighting.

He has not been deified by the Process though; they think of him rather as a unique channel. Everyone channels the Gods, they say. Some are just better at it.

Father Dominic was not sure of the books that had influenced De Grimston's theology but along with the Bible, he said, the group in the early days was heavy into "Dune" and "Stranger in a Strange Land."

PHOTOS — JEFF ALBERTSON



SATAN

SCENE: The Church of the Final Judgement, January 1977. Robert De Grimston sends out a missive to his fellow Processeans entitled: "The Final Game of the Gods." The Gods have channeled through him a new revelation that, having plumbed the depths of negativity and explored the *heights of positivity, having* been swayed by *the influence of Jehovah* and swung back into *the influence of* Lucifer, it is now time to hover under the wing of Satan. The "victims" will be divided from the "children of God," the Luciferians and Jehovians will retreat into separate camps. A new seven year cycle will begin. It will be the night of the hermit and the night of the wolfman. It is the beginning of the End.

This scene of course has no basis in fact. I have no inkling what Robert De Grimston or the Process will do in 1977 or next week. But it's fun to write out fantasies like that. Because Satan is a vibrant force. Not necessarily as a God but at least as a symbol.

"SATAN – the receiver of transcendent souls and corrupted bodies, (urges us to) rise above all human and physical needs and appetites, (or to) wallow in a morass of violence, lunacy and excessive physical indulgence." – the Gods and their People.

"Do you understand that we see presenting Satan to the world as a burden," Father Dominic said to me. And I say to Father Dominic: "You bet."

There are a lot of nuts in this world and they are ready to link up with any weirdo trip to justify their lives. Ed Sanders may have been completely off his wack in attributing Manson's devil trip to the Process. But even *without* the Process' complicity he might have been partially right. The Process is not legally responsible if Manson picked up their ideas and misused them but ideas *do* have reverberations in society.

Sanders charged that the Luciferians and Jehovians had at times split up, practicing different rites and rituals and indulging in the worst characteristics of each God. There may be no evidence for this but given the history of cults and sects it is not an absurd notion.

Father Dominic, specifically speaking to these possibilities, stated that there were no separate celebrations geared towards developing any of the God forces separately. There were simply *no* Black Masses (or White Masses for that matter). Luciferians and Jehovians would never break up into different camps because Processeans know that there are elements of all the Gods in every individual.

And even if a Satan cycle did begin, the Process would not break up under its influence, he stated. Rather, Processeans would band together and, I suppose, watch the forces of separation tear apart society, and tear at them too, while they prepared for the final unity in Christ.

But wandering around the coffeehouse was a middle-aged alcoholic who comes in out of the cold because it is the one place where they don't insist he hide his desire to lech and touch young women. He is harmless, but not a stable mind. And I met an Egyptian intellectual formerly of the Coptic Church who had started a Satanic Church in Egypt and who now said he was interested in the Process because "it amuses me.

As Processeans know, all of us are cynics and sensualists to some degree. And some of us are schizophrenics. The only element of naivete I discovered at the Process was that they couldn't understand why I should find them dangerous.

Because their symbols make them dangerous, I explained. If they spoke about the unity of Yin and Yang rather than Christ and Satan or worshipped Pluto rather than the Subtle One no one would bat an eye. But that's begging the question. Satan is Satan even in this atheistic age. And symbols can be the catalyst for outrageous acts.

It bothered me that I was not allowed to see the upstairs of the Process house (they said, reasonably enough that this was the Processeans' private quarters and they wanted to keep it private). 'What do you expect to find upstairs," Father Dominican asked me.

And I answered Father Dominic: "All my fantasies."

And I would like to say: if they are going to fool around with dangerous symbols and try to face what people fear most, though they lead exemplary lives and though they help psychologically and spiritually hundreds or thousands of people, some innocents will get hurt.

But then I can hear them laughing down at the Process house reading this lecture. They're saying: "What a Luciferian!" *Lucifer, the Light Bearer, urges us to be gentle and kind and loving, and to live in peace and harmony with one another.* They're saying: "Blind!Blind! Blind!" ■

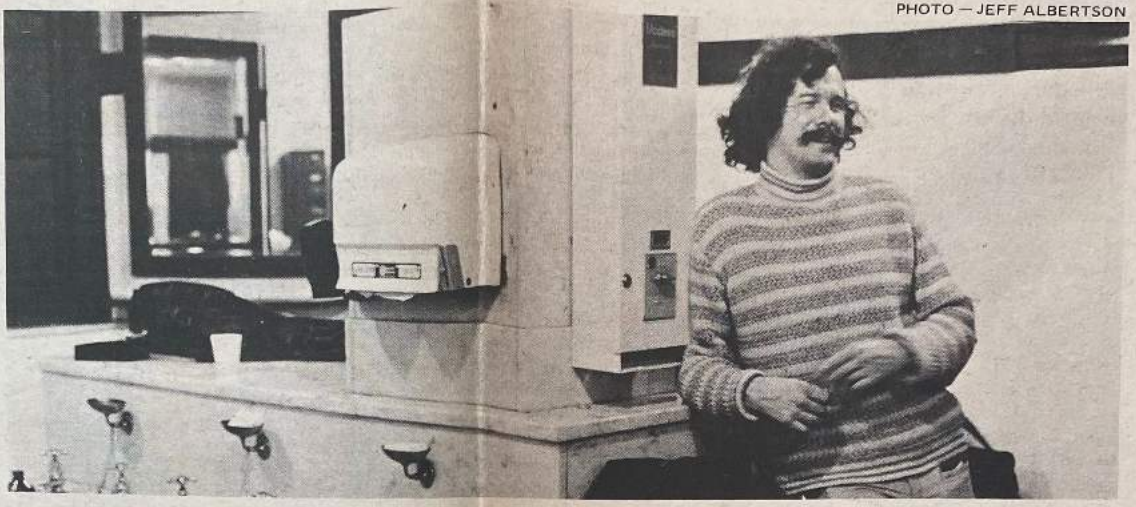
PHOTOS — JEFF ALBERTSO

Books & People

Ed Sanders and Ritual Violence in America

By Harper Barnes

PHOTO — JEFF ALBERTSON



Ed Sanders

"I used to be paranoid but I got over it," Ed Sanders said nervously. We were in the women's room of Sanders Theater, which Sanders was using as a waiting room, before his performance. Word had just come down that a couple of members of the Process Church of the Final Judgment were in the audience.

In his book, "The Family," which should have won a Pulitzer Prize for investigative journalism, Sanders had linked the Process to Charles Manson. For a time, at least, Sanders thought the Process was out to get him. (Process members stoutly deny the connection with Manson and insist that they wish Sanders only the best.)

It is understandable that Sanders might be a little jumpy, whether justly or not, about anybody he thinks might be a follower of Manson. One day, when Sanders was covering the Manson trial for the Los Angeles Free Press, Manson did a little psychological creepy-crawlie number on him. Apparently angry about something Ed had written, Charlie glared at him across the courtroom and very slowly drew his index finger across his throat like a knife.

Sanders, who employs a private detective full-time to help with his legwork, is in the middle of a second book that could have similar reverberations. The book, to be called "Ritual Violence in America," will be an investigation of religious and pseudo-religious cults that, as Ed put it, "snuff people for reasons of philosophical and religious belief." The book will concentrate on Northern California.

I asked Ed why he, a pacifist, a vegetarian and a very gentle person, kept getting himself involved with so much violence.

"That's a good question," he said. "I don't look at it with happiness, it's just something I think I should do. It's important to reveal the origins of fascism in this type of behavior."

One of the groups he has been investigating was called the Aryan Brotherhood. It was in some way linked to Manson. Before initiation, a new member had to kill a black person.

"I don't feel that I will be injured by this book. I'm doing other things — I parcel out my life in coffee spoons and this is one of the coffee spoons. Another is a movie script about a group of women activists who keep getting mugged by junkies so they decide to fight the heroin smugglers. Another is my collected poems, which is mainly a question of finding which ones make me puke and leaving them out."

Sanders' latest book is "Vote," (Warner Paperback) for which he covered the Republican convention and Abbie Hoffman and Jerry Rubin at the Democratic. Sanders confesses that he wrote his part in one 12-hour stretch and it is pretty sloppy. Sanders' section is intermittently funny, at least, as crazy Ed takes on the Nixoids. Jerry's and Abbie's is simply dismal, full of exhortations to vote for McGovern and a lot of windy lyricism about the way young, hip people have taken over the Democratic party. You blew that one, boys.

The book reeks of being thrown together to make a buck. Fifty percent of the proceeds were slated to go to the Youth International Party, but apparently that wasn't a big enough chunk for the Yippies At their national convention recently, they read Abbie and Jerry out of the Yippies for not giving enough of the money away and stressing electoral politics instead of confrontation.

As for Ed's music, he sounds pretty much the same as he did when he was with the Fugs, but the content of the songs has changed significantly. With songs like 'Boobs A Lot" and "Slum Goddess" the Fugs were sexist almost beyond belief. Now, Sanders is a staunch supporter of women's liberation (he uses the word 'human' rather than 'man" or "woman" in both writing and speech.) When he appeared on stage at Sanders Theater, someone shouted from the audience, 'Sing 'Lesbian Force' ' Ed shook his head slowly. 'No more of that,' he said. "No more."

His songs are still satirical though. Subjects include Henry Kissinger, which he allowed was particularly appropriate for a Harvard lecture hall/theatre "since this is one of Kissinger's weirdo troughs," pollution ('Beer Cans on the Moon") and muckraking journalism ("Keep on Trucking Jack Anderson").

At the end of the evening, he was joined by Allen Ginsberg who chanted his 'Ahhh' mantra and sang several rock 'n' roll songs, one of which was called "Don't Smoke." The world certainly needs Allen Ginsberg's poetry and even his chanting. Whether it needs a 50-year-old rock star is another matter. Ginsberg succeeded in clearing at least 50 percent of the people out of the theater in his 20-minute stint, which was a shame because he returned to a Buddhist chant for the final number and it was lovely.

The concert, incidentally, was sponsored by a group named Entropy, which donates proceeds to community groups. The group has done well in New Haven and they are just getting started up here. It's a good idea and they deserve support.

Assassination

[Continued from page 15]

informer for the FBI at the time of the assassination.

All this and more would have come out had Oswald been brought to trial. But a patriotic nightclub owner put an end to that. In addition to having a well-publicized soft spot in his heart for Jackie and the kids, Ruby ran guns to anti-Castro guerillas in Cuba and pimped for the Dallas police, according to Warren Commission hearings. Witnesses have testified that Ruby met with Oswald on several occasions and that he was very close to policeman Tippit. Ruby was a busy man on that blood-soaked weekend in Dallas. Julia Ann Murcer, stalled in traffic in Dealy plaza prior to the motorcade, testified that the truck in the lane beside her held three men, one of whom had a rifle. The driver was Jack Ruby. Ruby appeared at the Parkland Hospital when the death was announced and he was at the jail that night for the police press conference. And on the morning of Sunday, November 24, before a television audience already overstrained from too much reality, Jack Ruby arrived in the police basement the exact moment of Oswald's transfer and silenced forever a man who had much to tell.

Ruby was among the last witnesses called before the Warren Commission. During the hearings he pleaded to be

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PROCESSCENE
8:40 - 10:00 FRIDAY

MIDNIGHT MEDITATION
12:00 FRIDAY AND SATURDAY

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